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THE CHILL AUTUMNAL DAYS.

"WE MIGHT AS WELL CONSIDER OUR ENGAGEMENT AS BROKEN, REGINALD."

"I DON'T SEE WHY! YOUR FATHER SAID POSTPONED."

"POSTPONED UNTIL YOU ARRIVED AT YEARS OF DISCRETION. AND IN YOUR CASE, REGGY DEAR, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS."

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
AND OF BUT
ONE GRADE—THAT OF STERLING $\frac{925}{1000}$ FINE;
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS,
AND THE QUESTION

"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"
IS NEVER RAISED
CONCERNING A GIFT
BEARING OUR
TRADE-MARK.



Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M'F'G Co.

Silversmiths,

Union Square & 16th St.
NEW YORK.

FUR RUGS



RUGS OF
EVERY KNOWN
FUR

ARTISTICALLY MOUNTED
WELL WORTHY OF
A VISIT

C. G.
GUNTHER'S SONS
184 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

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New York:
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202 Boylston Street.

We are now prepared to show our customers the New Models of

Ladies' Costumes AND Dinner Gowns

Together with all the newest fabrics and trimmings for taking orders.

We have now on exhibition our **Autumn Importation** of
**LADIES' MANTLES AND CAPES, WALKING
AND DRIVING COATS.**

FALL AND WINTER CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Brewster invite inspection of their stock of Fall and Winter Carriages in all the fashionable varieties, now on view at their warerooms.

Broadway, 47th to 48th St., BREWSTER & CO.

(OF BROOME ST.)

Stern Bros.

have just received
a large importation of

Ladies' Trimmed Hats

comprising the latest production
of the leading

Paris Milliners

and direct special
attention to
the new

"Marquis."

West 23d St.

PARIS.—A private family (lady holding three French diplomas) living in their own residence close to Bois de Boulogne, will receive young ladies under their care. Idiomatic French taught most carefully; other accomplishments if desired. Cheerful home with every care and comfort. References and terms on application to B. LIFE OFFICE, 28 W. 23d St., N. Y.

VOLUME XX.

·LIFE·

NUMBER 510.



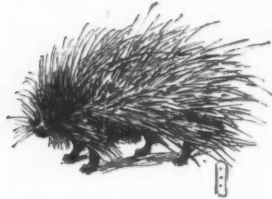
The Old Friend: I HEAR YOU ARE ENGAGED, FANNY. CAN IT BE POSSIBLE YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY THAT YOUNG FIDDLEBACK?
The Heiress: OH, NO. HE ASKED ME AS A FAVOR TO BECOME ENGAGED TO HIM FOR A FEW WEEKS, TO HELP OUT HIS CREDIT.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX. OCTOBER 6, 1892. NO. 510.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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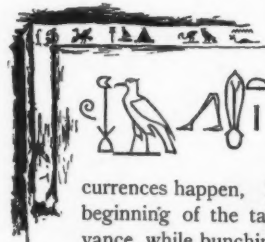
IN spite of his arraignment by Mr. Godkin as a "Tammany Doc," Dr. Jenkins promises to live on, both individually and officially. The public verdict seems to be that he has done the very best he knew how, and the proportion of the population that has been subjected to the discomforts of long detention in quarantine is not large enough to exhaust public patience with his mistakes or shortcomings. But it is a pity that the efforts of so good a kicker as Mr. Godkin should be altogether wasted, and while the public will view with some composure his failure to bring down vengeance on Jenkins's devoted head, it regards with respectful interest his attacks on the quarantine system which Dr. Jenkins represents. If the system is antiquated and bad we all want to know it, and so far as the *Evening Post* can demonstrate that its methods should be radically changed, it will perform a service of great value to the country, and of especial value now in view of the huge increase of travel hitherwards that is expected next year. To keep cholera out of the country in 1893, and at the same time minimize the discomfort of all well passengers, is an enterprise worthy of the combined efforts of Mr. Godkin, Dr. Jenkins, and all other Americans of exceptional knowledge or experience in the business.

THE two big Columbus celebrations impending this month in different parts of the country, will help to make it continuously difficult for a political excitement to stir itself up, and any uneasiness that does contrive to exist will be more or less crowded by the prevalence of the football epidemic. If the late Mr. Macaulay's celebrated New Zealander should take it into his head to inspect contemporary civilization from the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, he would probably find a curious inconsistency between our

struggles to keep cholera out of the country, while we suffer football to rage in it unrestrained. It would have to be explained to him that it was largely a matter of taste, and that some nations could stomach football better than cholera, and *vice versa*, the cost, as Dr. Evarts said in the familiar anecdote, being about the same.



BISHOP POTTER has been doing the Fair an excellent turn in his recent discussion in a contemporary magazine of the question of keeping it open on Sunday. He favors a Sunday view of the Fair at rest. He would stop the machinery and all trading, but would open the grounds and buildings to the multitude, at least during the latter part of the day. To a great number of intelligently religious people this would be an ideal solution of the problem, and to many others who would prefer to see the whole concern going full blast seven days in the week, it would be gratefully accepted on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. That a multitude of Sabbatarians would not like it at all, makes the Bishop's opinion all the more valuable as coming from a high ecclesiastical source. We hope Senator Matthew Quay will find time to read the Bishop's article before Congress meets again.



THE esteemed illustrated monthly magazines would confer a favor on many readers if they could contrive to work in the pictures that go with their stories at the points in the stories where the depicted occurrences happen. Bunching all the pictures at the beginning of the tale gives the story away in advance, while bunching them at the end deprives half of them of their due effect. Bunching them at all produces an effect like what happens when the man at the crank in the panorama gets ahead of the lecturer, and reels off the destruction of Jerusalem while the crowd is hearing how Absalom was hung up by his hair. It would seem almost better to print a whole magazine on coated paper than to swap the pictures around so.

THE utility of "platforms" and "letters of acceptance" is becoming doubtful, at least in their present form. LIFE would advise parties and candidates both to let a competent editor have a few minutes with such documents. The result would save the public's time and would preserve every one concerned from the suspicion of writing "bunco."





"DEAR, DEAR! THESE FLOWERS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO BE OPEN ON SUNDAY! WHAT AN EXAMPLE TO THE CHICAGO FAIR!"



SOME ESSAYS IN A NEW MANNER.

THE modern essayist is apt to be a man with culture and knowledge enough to write a full-grown book, but only energy enough to write an essay. He is a dilettante who finds about the space he wants for his ideas in a magazine article. Nobody attaches any particular authority to what he says, because he himself makes it evident that there isn't any authority in anything worth considering; it is only a question of point-of-view, and every man of culture has a right to his own "point" and the privilege of talking from it about things in general. The one condition is that he must not be cocksure about anything; he must simply write with that elegant urbanity which Matthew Arnold made into a prose style, and qualify all his statements with "perhaps," "if you please" and "to my thinking," until even the most obstinate reader is convinced that he is a most superior person, if he would only let himself out.

* * *

BUT in the "Modern Humanists" (Social Science Series) by John M. Robertson there is a sweeping, clearing breeze through all this mist. For almost the first time in recent years the same intellectual energy and pertinacity is applied to a literary inquiry, that has been demanded of every modern investigator in the field of the physical sciences. More than that, Mr. Robertson applies to literary subjects that method of rigid comparison and induction by logical processes that has been the means of recent scientific advancement. The result is a precision of phrase, a definiteness of statement and conclusion—something more than that "lucidity" which the dilettante delights to talk about—a positive arrival at convictions which relate to a system and standard of judgment. If the reader accepts these conclusions he knows why; if he rejects them he must expend enough energy to overthrow the logic supporting them—and that is good for his soul.

The advantage of this method is that the author writes as one having

authority—not the authority of personal opinion or culture, but the authority of an accepted scientific method. His conclusions are at least entitled to the same respect that is given those of a biologist or chemist who shows you his experiments.

* * *

MR. ROBERTSON applies his method to Carlyle, Mill, Emerson, Arnold, Ruskin, Spencer. He says in effect "You are critics of life and society. Let us see what right you have to that authority? Have you classified the phenomena of life scientifically, or have you simply observed them at hap-hazard and written your impressions? Life is a very complex and highly organized manifestation of matter. Its laws have been determined to a certain extent by investigators who have arrived at them by the most precise, logical method. They have tried to rid themselves of the 'personal equation,' and to see things in the white light of truth. If your criticisms of life are to stand, they must pass the same test."

The result is a wholesale breaking of idols in a very systematic way. The reader follows the iconoclast with breathless interest, as he would follow the hero of a novel. This man is hunting down a scientific error with the ardor of a sportsman; he tracks it with resistless logic, showing you all the foot-prints of the game—how it doubled on its tracks to throw you off the scent; how it left its fur on a brier of hard-pointed fact, and how it evaded an obstacle by running around it. And when he finally tracks it to its lair, he tortures it with irony, he laughs at its writhing, and slays it at last with an epigram.

It is rare sport, but it is often a little cruel. If the man were not so perfectly self-possessed about it you would suspect him of malignity. At his best you follow him with admiration, but hardly with sympathy.

When he has destroyed your idol to his satisfaction, he gives you a eulogy on the virtues of the deceased, which is all that the most ardent disciple could wish. Then he adds: "Your idol was all this, but he was illogical. Therefore he taught error, and to that extent he was a drawback to human progress, and an enemy of the race."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

A WOMAN'S WEB. By C. V. Maitland. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Blue Stocking. By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Bachelor Buttons. By Frank Chaffee. New York: George M. Allen Company.

My Uncle Benjamin. By Claude Fillier. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII. By Imbert de Saint-Armand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Foot-Path Way. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$12,254.43	From the Young People of
From the Flower Mission	Mt. Livermore House,
of Marquette, Mich..... 2.00	Holderness, N. H..... \$20.00
Children's Entertainment	From a lover of LIFE and
at Maple Grove Farm	little children..... .35
House, Sheffield, Mass... 7.00	Total..... \$12,283.78



A TAIL PIECE.



"WHY WERE YOU SO CROSS TO YOUR HUSBAND AT BREAKFAST?"

"I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT. I FELT AS IF I MUST SCOLD AT SOMEBODY OR BURST. JUST PHYSICAL IRRITABILITY, YOU KNOW—AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT WRONG. BREAKFAST WAS LATE, THE STEAK BURNT, THE COFFEE THIN AND CAKES HEAVY."

"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU SCOLD THE COOK?"

"OH, I COULDN'T. SHE'D LEAVE."



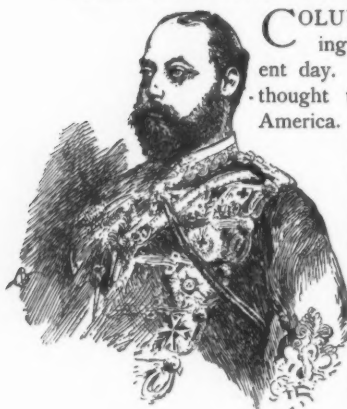
A BURDEN THAT BEFITS
DROP HIM, SISTER, WISH TO G



CHICAGO

THAT FITS NOBODY.
STER, WISH TO GET THERE.

SOME AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF COLUMBUS.



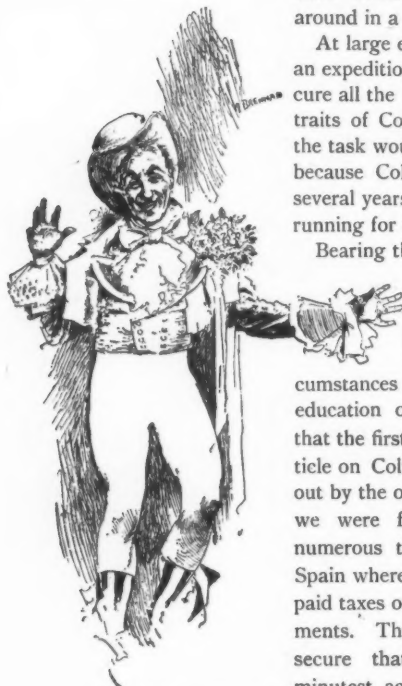
PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS IN
THE JESUIT LIBRARY AT HOHOKUS
(1427).

COLUMBUS evidently knew nothing of the magazine of the present day. If he had, he would have thought twice before he discovered America. He was a pious man and he would not willingly have been the cause of inflicting on the American people so many dreary pages about himself. Suicide would have claimed him for its own at an early age if he could have foreseen the libellous portraits of himself they would print.

LIFE is always the friend of the oppressed, and so it seeks to do justice to the memory of poor Columbus.

He was a great discoverer, but if he could discover any likeness to himself in the alleged portraits printed by our esteemed monthly contemporaries, he is entitled to more credit than ever accrued to him from the mere running against a continent which he could not have avoided except by sailing around in a circle.

At large expense, LIFE equipped an expedition to seek out and secure all the existing authentic portraits of Columbus. It knew that the task would be an arduous one, because Columbus has been dead several years and is not at present running for office.



PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS
NOW IN THE OLOROSO
CONVENT IN AMONTILLADO
(1493).

Bearing these things in mind, our expedition turned with eagerness to the third volume of the encyclopædia to find the circumstances of the birth and early education of Columbus. Finding that the first four pages of the article on Columbus have been torn out by the office boy to make a kite, we were forced to search the numerous towns and counties of Spain where Columbus voted and paid taxes on his American investments. This was done in order to secure that knowledge of his minutest acts which every magazine reader in the United States continues to thirst for.

It has been claimed that Colum-

bus was brought up on the bottle. After interviewing three hundred and eight of his colored nurses, now residing in various parts of Spain, Italy and Ireland, we are inclined to give no credence to this statement. In the Jesuit Library at Hohokus there is preserved a section of rubber garden hose which it is claimed was used by the infant Columbus in the process of securing nutriment from a galvanized iron receptacle. As we understand it, india rubber was not put to this use until after Columbus had cut his first tooth, and the evidence is, therefore, rather against the genuineness of the relic. In this same institution, however, is preserved an authentic and most interesting portrait of the explorer. It represents him in the uniform he wore at various Schuetzenfests and greased-pole-climbing contests.

The next portrait which enlists our attention is the photograph taken by Sarony. This is especially interesting from the fact that when Columbus sailed on his first trip to America he was engaged to seventeen young ladies in different parts of Spain. Finding it difficult to sit for a sufficient number of portraits in oil, he sent each of them a copy of this photograph. Their authenticity is established by the fact that on the back of each of them, in Columbus's own handwriting, is the inscription:

When this you see,
Remember Columbus.

The good nuns of the Oloroso Convent, attached to the First Presbyterian Church of Amontillado, have in their keeping one of the most interesting of this remarkable series which we have unearthed for the benefit of the American public. Some—not all of course—of the readers of this article have seen a five dollar bill, and will remember the view of the landing of Columbus. Columbus is represented pointing a sword toward the sky, while in the background are Spanish sailors in armor, one of them holding aloft a banner with the inscription, "S. T.—1860—X." Grouped about are a number of Indians in the customary cigar-store attitudes. Our investigations have demonstrated

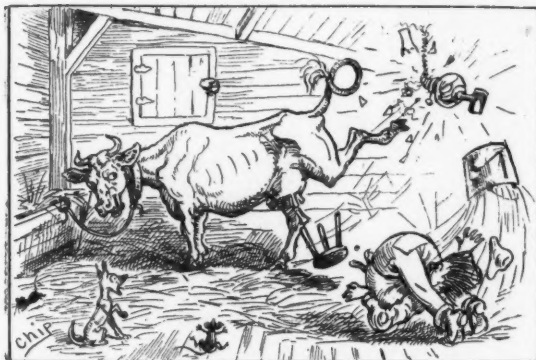


PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS IN
THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT GRANADA
(1562).



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY SARONY TAKEN THE
DAY BEFORE COLUMBUS
SAILED FOR AMERICA
(1492).

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



OCTOBER 8, 1871.
THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE STARTED.

that this picture is entirely a creation of the artist's fancy. The facts in the case are quite different. When Columbus and his men sighted land they were so overjoyed that they spliced the main brace eighteen times in quick succession and then went ashore filled with anxiety about the result of the Sullivan-Corbett fight. The portrait from Amon-tillado, is of a sketch of Columbus made at the moment he received the news.

The last portrait of the series is preserved in the Royal Museum at Granada. It was taken just after his election as President of the First National Bank of Madrid. It was a wedding gift to his third wife, and remained in the family until it was purchased by the Spanish Government.

LIFE is prepared to prove that these portraits are all that they claim to be, and that they are the only authentic ones in existence. Those heretofore printed are likenesses of his various cousins and of members of his crew. LIFE regrets that its contemporaries have been so grossly imposed upon, and stands ready to coöperate in any proper movement to bring the imposers to justice.



Girl: WHY, TOM, WHAT ON EARTH —

Tom: I KNOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU SEE I WENT TO HAVE A BACK TOOTH PULLED YESTERDAY, AND MY NECK HASN'T COME BACK YET.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A MAN who oft a hobby rode,
Once at a group of wise-men sped ;—
The beast was frightened, kicked and plunged,
And stood him on his head.

The wise-men ran to set him straight,—
He stopped them with a frown :—
"See what my hobby's done," cried he,
"You all are upside down."

A FATAL CASE.

THE PATIENT: Of what did Paston die?

THE DOCTOR: Absent-mindedness.

"What?"

"Absent-mindedness. Went to sleep and forgot to wake up."



He: THAT'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY REASON, DON'T YOU KNOW; I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD REFUSE ME BECAUSE MY FAMILY ARE RICH.

She: THEY MIGHT DISAGREE WITH ME.

LIFE'S PATENT OPERA
GLASS.

A BOON TO THEATRE GOERS.

TO A CHAPERONE.

TO-MORROW night, when
three of us
Are sitting at the play,
If I should chance to hold her
hand,
Pray look the other way.

Later, as in the carriage, we
Are speeding homeward, say
Dear Chaperone, don't see my
arm.

Please look the other way.

But when at last we're in the hall
Dear friend, I beg, I pray
When I begin to say good night
Don't look—don't even stay.

MRS. FIFTY (*who thinks
she appears youthful*):
You may be surprised to hear
that that tall young man is my
son.

MR. GAUCHE: Yes, indeed!
I thought he was your grandson.



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

She: YOU ARE REALLY ENGAGED TO HER?

His Lordship: YAAS. I TRIED TO MAKE HER THINK I WAS PROPOSING WITHOUT REALLY
PROPOSING, DON'T YOU KNOW—JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE'D SAY.

She: WHAT DID SHE SAY?

His Lordship: FUNNY THING—BY JOVE—SHE MADE ME THINK I *was* PROPOSING.



"HOW ARE YOU SUCCEEDING AT KEEPING HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, MR. HILL?"

"FIRST-RATE AT THAT. BUT THE NEIGHBORS HAVE BORROWED ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE."

• LIFE •



In 1864, President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President, and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the President suddenly rose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant, had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.—*Argonaut.*

ABOUT eighty years ago, in a little village in the town of East Haddam lived "Boss Lee," a silversmith, from whom the place took its name of Leesville. Boss Lee was building a new house, and as panes of glass with a "bull's-eye" were thought to be ornamental, some of them were put into the windows. An eccentric old man, who thought himself quite a philosopher, observed these and warned the workmen of their danger in acting possibly as burning-glasses, and thus setting the building on fire. He gave a case in point, where some shavings, left on a south window-sill of a new house,

took fire from this cause while the workmen were away at dinner, and they returned just in season to save the house. "Now," concluded the old man, impressively, "if that had happened in the night, the house would have been burned up; nothing could have saved it."—*Hartford Post.*

GENERAL JOHN R. GORDON is a conspicuous figure in the South to-day, and all who have seen him will recall to memory the long scar upon the upper part of his left cheek, the memento of a sabre wound received during the war. Gordon is immensely popular, and of his popularity Toombs was a little bit jealous. He showed this feeling when, in a campaign speech, he said:

"If that scar were on the back of Gordon's neck instead of on his face, he wouldn't be so d——d popular." Gordon heard of this, and a few days later, while addressing a political gathering, got back at the famous orator as follows:

"If Toombs had been where I was when I got that scar, it would be on the back of his neck instead of his face."—*Argonaut.*

THE Saunterer heard not long ago of a colored servant who went into a fish store in Richmond to buy a dinner for his master. He looked all about the place until he came to a pile of shad, and being somewhat skeptical as to their freshness, he raised one of the fishes to his face. The dealer, seeing this little act, asked indignantly: "What do you mean by smelling of that fish?"

"Didn't neber smell ob de fish nohow, massa. Only speakin' to him."

"Ah, indeed, and what did he tell you?"

"Massa, I jes' axes him fo' de news at de mouf ob de ribber, an' he says he done clean forgot, fer he ain't seen no watah fer fo' weeks, massa. An' dats all he said, sah, deed it is."—*Boston Budget.*

IT is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago, and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted: "Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied."—*Blizzard.*

"That excellent antiseptic. . . ."—*Medical Herald, Baltimore.*

Packer's Tar Soap,

In which the well-known soothing and healing properties of Pine-tar are skillfully combined with Vegetable Oils and Glycerine."—*Medical Times, New York.*

A luxury for Bath and Shampoo. Soothing and Refreshing. Destroys odors. Wards off contagion.

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AND

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Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

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THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why It Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
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C. F. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenaeum*

Are you going to correspond? Write to a casual friend perhaps? Make no mistake in the paper you use. The character and social position of a writer is often indexed by the paper used. Ask your dealer for the Fine Correspondence Papers manufactured by the Whiting Paper Company, of Holyoke. Their "Standard Linen" is not excelled by any paper manufactured. A letter written on a sheet of "Whiting's Standard" will be accorded an attentive hearing.

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Special day Thursdays, 11 to 5, One Dollar.
The Dore Gallery has been pronounced by the entire press to be the Grandest Exhibition of Paintings on earth.



The illustration depicts a woman in a long, flowing dress and a large, ornate hat, holding a book titled "The World's Fair". She is pointing towards a globe and a distant cityscape. The globe is positioned in the foreground, and the cityscape, featuring a large domed building and flags, is in the background. The woman's dress is detailed with ruffles and a high collar. The overall style is characteristic of late 19th-century magazine illustrations.

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